

by Sonraie

Terrible Two Two's

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"Dee dee dee. . .deedee. . .dee dee dee. . ." This really blows!

Muddle thought to his self-conscious, his face all crunched up. He really just wanted to go home, sit in his underwear and spit sunflower seeds at the t.v. Now, he had to go rent a gorilla suit and sit with a bunch of stuffed up stiffies. And he didn't think Scuzzy would like it if he sat spitting shell casings at the trombone player. But, he was trying to score points with her for a long time now, and when she smiled like that, her eyes all big and green like the traffic light on the corner of S & M, it gave him heart perforations.

Muddle made his decision.

"Dee-dee-dee-dee-dee. . .dee. . .dee. . .BOM! BOM!"

"Ding! Time's up, Muddle!" Skinrash pronounced loudly. "What's your answer?" Scuzzy sat by waiting on pin drops. "Scuzzy." Muddle looked at her with puppy dog eyes. (no animals were hurt in the making of this story). "Would you please attempt the Ballerina on my arm?"

"Oh, Muddle!" Scuzzy's face transfused with joy! "I'm so happy I think I'm gonna puke all over you!"

Muddle's face lit up like a beacon. "Gee, Scuzzy. . .you promise!?" He loved it when she talked dirty.

Skinhead laughed profusely. "Go on. . .get outta here. . .you two crazy kids!" He shuffled them out of his office.

Outside, Muddle told Scuzzy he'd pick her up at 7:00 so they wouldn't miss the curtain when it opened because it took a really long time to hang up. Then, they parted ways to go home and get decked up for the glitzy evening that lay in waiting.

Muddle had to hurry. First, he had to stop in a costume store and rent a penguin suit before they closed or else he'd have to go in his foot- of the -loops briefs. Then he had to get home and chisel the crusted mud off his one and only pair of black patent leather dressy shoes. Something told him not to wear them that night when him and Scuzzy were out trampling through the swamps, hot on the collar of "Muckman," that mad, mutant mud-creature who was running amuck all over town tracking his muddy pawprints all over the place. Scuzzy nearly had the Grucci's sucked off her feet that night! Now, that's entertainment! He thought.

Soon, the witching hour had arrived. At 7:00 pm. a nerve-wracked Muddle fidgeted with his bowtie and rang Scuzzy's doorbell (not on her, on her house). Scuzzy came to the doorway. Shoulderless, she was adorned in a long, emerald-green evening frock covered with glittering spangles and sequins, with gloves up to her elbows that had no fingertips. Her silky, ravenous hair was snarled up into a big rooster comb, with tiny rivulets pouring down her neck. Collapsed around her asbestos throat was a voluptuous diamond-crusted roach. She looked just like Cindyrella after the fairy grandmother wacked her with her magic cane.

Muddle's eyes bugled! Her creamy bare shoulders looked like two scoops of Hagan-Daz Vanilla! He was inebriated by her scorching beauty!

"Oh. . .Scuzzy!" he swooned. "You are utterly delectating!" "Oh. .

.Muddle!" Scuzzy giggled. "I didn't know you could be so romantical!"

Muddle stuck out his black-suited arm proudly. "Please. . .take my arm." (it's okay, he had another one).

"Just a second, Muddle; I have to get my rapper." Scuzzy went into the closet and came back with a dead fox around her shoulders.

"Ready!" She grabbed Muddle's arm.

Muddle's face crinkled. "I don't think they allow pets at the Ballay, Scuzzy."

"Don't worry." Scuzzy tapped his arm. "It's dead."

The theater was bustling with excitement as all the pedestrians climbed over one another to find their seats. Muddle noticed a lot of women wearing dead animals around their shoulders, too, but none could hold a match to Scuzzy's awful beauty. She shined like a lighthouse over the fog-encrusted ocean.

Handing over their tickets, because if you didn't they wouldn't let you in and then you would miss the ballay, a prune-faced old lady dressed in black ensconced them to their seats. Stepping on people's feet, they went to take their seats, but they were bolted to the floor, so they just sat down instead. Then, a big fat lady turned around and stared down her nose at them with her eyeglass.

"Hey, Scuzzy," Muddle whispered. "Why is that lady starin' at us with half a pair of glasses?"

Scuzzy chortled. "Oh. . .silly, Muddle! Those are called "manacles." Their for the opera, too." "Huh?" Muddle scratched his head. What was the point of one eyeglass when you had two eyes?

Then Scuzzy pinched him in excitement. "Muddle, look! The lights are getting dark! It's going to start any minute." Muddle was enthralled to be sitting so close to Scuzzy, even though that dead rat she had on made him feel like he was gonna sneeze his brains out. He felt like putting his arm around her and maybe puttin' his hand down her dress, but they probably didn't like that kinda stuff in this joint. Instead, he went into his pocket, whipped out a bag of sunflower seeds and sat back to enjoy the show.

The band leader stepped onto his perch, getting ready to tune up the orchestra. He did some cool baton twirls, then started waving his stick in the air. Soon, the waffling strains of "Chyoughsky's Swine Overture" began floating in the atmosphere. Then the curtain that took so long to hang started arising. All the swinettes came galloping onto the stage in their frilly pink two-tuos, whirling and twirling all around the lake on the tippy toes of their pink hoofs. Then a guy with a big boar mask over his face came clomping out doing leaps and jumps all over the place. He grabbed one of the swinettes, flung her up on his shoulders and started spinning her all around.

Muddle strained his eyes. Behind the mask, those big hairy legs looked familiar. He could swear he seen that Boarhead guy somewhere

before. Spitting out his sunflour seeds, he dropped the bag on some old fogey's lap and pulled out a pair of vernaculars. He put them to his eyes and zoomed in on the stage.

"Holy crap!" Muddle cried. He was right! The guy romping around with all the little porkers was none other than his archivist enemy...Agent Ricechex! So, the dirty-double crosser was a cross-dresser, too?! Muddle shook his head in appallment. To think, he was once partners with the guy! The mere thought made Muddle's mouth pucker like he was suckin' on lemons.

"Scuzzy! Look!" Muddle shoved the vernaculars in Scuzzy's face. "The Boar Prince! It's that swine, Ricechex! "Oh, my gosh, Muddle!" Scuzzy's eyes popped. She threw the vernaculars on the fat lady's head. "What's he doing up there?"

Muddle shrugged. "Well. . . I think that's called a "pasta duet"...or somethin'. I don't know how you say those fancy French words--"

"I know that, Muddle!" Scuzzy frowned. "I mean, why is he here?" Muddle pouted. He hated when Scuzzy got testy with him.

"I don't know, Scuzz, but we better go and see what tricks he's got up his tights!

Scuzzy's face grew turbulent. "You mean go up. . .on stage!? Aw, Muddle. . .y'know I got bad knees!"

"Scuzzy." Muddle was seriously serious. "The safety of the entire world is at our feet!"

They looked at each other long. "Oh. . .shit! Come on, let's go."

Discreetly, they climbed all over people's heads and made their way backstage to the dressing rooms. "Here, Scuzzy." Muddle threw her a pink piggy costume with ears and a tail. "And put on these cardboard shoes."

They both stripped off their evening attires with their backs turned so as to not see each other's private parts that might attempt them to forget the important mission they must accomplice.

"Muddle!" Scuzzy laughed at him. He had a frilly two-two wrapped around his head. "I wear that. . not you!" She yanked it off him. As Scuzzy got suited up, Muddle pulled on tights and a mask like the Boar Prince had on. Scuzzy stood bowlegged in the square-toed pink slippers, the ribbons tied up to her thighs. She was transfixed at the sight of Muddle in tights. "Wow!" She cooed. "You're hung like a fireplug, Muddle!"

Muddle gave her beaming grin. "Gee, thanks, Scuzzy. Maybe one day, I'll let you play with my hose. But right now. . .we have to go save the world from bad ballay!" "Right!" Scuzzy agreed and jumped up on her toes. Her knees crackled so loud Muddle thought they were being sprayed with machine gun fire.

Forthwith, the two brave agents who had no previous dance training clomped out onto the stage trying their best to blend in with all the little porkers and porkettes. Scuzzy thought she was gonna break her

legs. How the hell did they stand on these things? Then she started getting real dizzy spinning around the stage. She thought she'd puke and fall into the orchestral pit.

Meantime, Muddle was faking it, jumping up and down doing leaps. The music was turning sinister, and the crowd was starting to get the feeling something wasn't right about this swine.

Muddle pulled his piece out of his tights and jetted across the stage. "Freeze, Ricechex!" He yelled, then jumped up and spun around.

Scuzzy came clomping over, her two-two falling to her knees. "Yeah, the number's up, Ricechex!" Ricechex was staggered. "Muddle!" he snarled, whipping off his face mask to reveal his stunned features. "No!" he cried. "You'll never take me! I can do more leaps than you can." He jumped up and did a two-and-a half somersault with a twist. Then the sneaky swine grabbed one of the swinettes.

"Back off, boarhead, or she's bacon!"

"What are you doin' here, ruinin' the ballay!," Muddle cried. He was trying to keep Ricechex blabbing as Scuzzy borayed around to the backside.

"You can't stop me!" Ricechex started to cackle. The swinette started squealing like a stuck pig.

Then, the music hit a great big crashendo, the symbols clashed, the drums drummed, and. . .

WHAM! Scuzzy gave him a swift kick with those cardboard shoes. The squealing swinette plopped to the floor, and Richechex fell off the stage and landed head first into a tuba. "Now that's what I call the "Dying Swine!" Scuzzy declarated proudly. Everyone started clapping, but the man waving the stick looked like he was gonna have a coronary and started punching himself in the head. One could only presumtuate that he wasn't too happy with the new venison of this Chycoughfsky classic.

"Yes!" That's my Scuzzy!" Muddle grappled her and started swinging her around. Then he apoligized to the awdience. "Sorry for the discombobulation, but this performance is finito!" Then he and Scuzzy tied Ricechex up tight with his tights and got on the horn (not the oboe, the phone) to notify Skinflint at hindquarters that the bogus boar prince was reprehended.

But before the curtain fell down, Muddle was about to get the real shocker of his life. "Oh, my God!. . . Scuzzy!" He turned white and Scuzzy thought he was gonna fold up like an umbrella. "T-That little swinette. . . looks like m-my. . s-sister. . .Salamanda!" Entranced, he started leaping over with his arms stretched out wide. "Salamanda! It's you!" What are you doing at the ballay?" Salamander squealed in shock. "Oh. . .Lax!. . .my brother!" The frilly frocked porker did two spins and jumped into his arms. "Oh. . Lax. How I've missed you!"

Scuzzy gleamed from ear to ear, her heart inflating with eckstacy like a helium balloon. She thought she might start bawling like a baby. Now maybe Muddle wouldn't be so grouchy, and maybe he'd finally

want to get frisky now that he'd found his long-lost Salamanda who had been adducted by aliens during Monopoly.

"S-Salamanda," Muddle slobbered weepily. "W-where have you. . b-been all this time? I've. . l-looked. . e-everywhere. . in the closet. . in the garage. . under the bed. B-But I. . c-couldn't. . find you!"

"I k-know. . "Muddle." Salamanda started blubbering. "I w-was. . k-kidnapped by the Rushins. T-they s-said if. . .I d-didn't d-dance. . .they'd k-kill. . you!"

Muddle pulled a hanky out of his tights (he had a lot of stuff in there) and shoved it in her face. "There, there. . .my poor baby sister. Go ahead and blow! I'm taking you home where you belong! He threw her over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes. "Come on, Scuzzy!" he called out. "Let's get outta here. Next time I want some kulcha I'll eat a yogert!"

"Right behind you, Muddle!" Scuzzy squealed. Damn! She couldn't wait to get these stupid shoes off. Every toe had blisters. Maybe Muddle would rub her feet and put some nice salvage on her toes when they got home.

Later on that night, Muddle and Scuzzy got all cozy on the couch in front of a raging fire. Muddle didn't have a fireplace so he just threw a match into his garbage can and set the trash on fire.

"Salamanda is fast asleep!" Muddle whispered happily. "Boy, can she snore!" Then he took Scuzzy's hand (he didn't take it anywhere he just held it.) "I'm so happy, Scuzzy!" He smiled irradiantly, his teeth as white as a toothpaste commercial. "We caught Ricechex. . .and I found my Salamanda!" Scuzzy sighted deeply. "I'm happy you're happy, Muddle. Would you rub my toes?" "Scuzzy," Muddle sighed deliciously, "I'll lick your toes, but you have to tell me something." "Oh. . .right." Scuzzy looked embellished. "Muddle, would you rub my toes. . .Please?" "Scuzzy, you're so cuuute!" Muddle began bowling, drenching her with his tears. "I love you."

"Oh. . .Muddle!" Scuzzy threw her arms around him. "I love you, too. . . you. . .dancing fool!" Muddle hugged her back, delirious with love for his fiery-headed partner. "Please. . .would you do me the favor of being my wife?" Scuzzy jumped off the settee, tumbling Muddle to the floor, and started leaping around the room like an antelope, her heart about to explode it was so saturated with ecstasy.

"Yes! Yes! Yes! I'll marry you, Muddle--I mean-- "Lax! And Salamanda can be my maiden of horror and she can live with us and we can all play monopoly!" Muddle snuffled. "Scuzzy--uh--I mean, Lana! That'll be so coool!" Then they threw themselves into each other arms, encumbrancing each other tight, and started doing a lover's andangio. "It just goes to show you," Muddle whimpered as he stroked her flaming hair. "All's well that ends in a well." "You're right, Muddle." Scuzzy squealed dreamily. "And everything's wonderful at the Ballay."

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